Aut Helmont, Aut Asinus:

8. 2. 9.

OR,

~~780. b. 3.~~
2

St. George UNTRUST

Being a Full Answer to his

Smart Scourge.

8. 9.
K.

LONDON,
Printed for *R. Lowndes*, at the White Lion in S. *Pauls* Churchyard. 1665.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

Honoured Doctor,

I *Have lately read a ſcurrilous pamphlet, in whi the Author doth endeavour to render your* Pill *truc lent, and himſelf the onely Chymiſt, and a Pediſeque* Helmont. *As to the firſt, that he may make t world believe he ſpeaks truth, he pretends knowledge each particular concrete that are Ingredients of yo* Pill; *but in this he forgot the Adage,* Ne ſutor ultr crepidam; *for I having had the honour to be* Southampton-houſe *the* 13. *of* June, 1664. *when yo calcin'd your powder for the compoſing your* Pill *befor Kings moſt excellent Majeſty, ſeveral Princes, Lord Knights, and Gentlemen, am able to ſay he is miſtake in the foundation of the Compoſition, and hath plaid th fool in earneſt, in writing againſt that he never under ſtood: but this Adage may be applied in his excuſe* Hominem experiri multa paupertas jubet. *To te you my mind, in all that he hath done againſt you, he hat imitated the Dog in* Plutarch, *that ſpends his time i barking at the Moon, being enraged more at her ligh that offends his eyes, than at the black ſpots ſhe weareth but you are above, whileſt he is below, making good the Adage,* Canes timidi vehementius latrant. *Next, as to his Chymiſtry, the Skinner in* Walbrook *ſufficiently experimented it to the damage of* 975 l. *and loſs of his life afterward with grief. He can tranſmute metalls, if you will believe him; and yet is a pitiful Fellow, or elſe he would not have been ſo often in priſon for his couſenage, inſomuch that he is as well known in* Newgate, *as moſt of the common Raſcals:* Qui mendax, idem furax. *Laſtly, his being the onely man underſtands and imitates* Helmont. Helmont *was a very holy man,*

tneſs his prayers, his viſions, and his gifts, and particularly in pag. the 19. where he ſays, Concidi in faem & dixi, Domine ignoſce, ſi favor in proximum extra limites abripuit, condona, condona Domine indiſcretæ charitati meæ, nam tu es radiale bonum ipſiuſmet bonitatis, *and ſo onwards, and* nwards *the end of the chapter he ſays*, Et quem Dominus Ieſus vocaverit ad ſapientiam, ille & non lius venturus eſt. *And can the world be ſo blind as o think this Sot is ſo called, who accounts it his glory by he* Circean *Charms of Liquor to be metamorphoſed into a Spunge, which is fit for little elſe but to ſuck in and ſpue out, that will drink and vomit, and vomit to drink again, and ſo continue the ſport, making good the Adage,* Parthi quo plus biberent, eo plus ſitiunt? *A pretty Fellow, and likely to be called by the Lord Jeſus, and* Raphael *to be beſtowed on him. It is confeſt he borrows* Helmonts *glorious names, and impoſeth them on his trifles: but a Briſtol-ſtone is no more than a Briſtol-ſtone, although a fool ſays it is a Diamond, and counterfeit pearls are but counterfeit, though they may make a Fidlers daughter look like a* German Princeſs. *And this is the condition of our pageant* Helmont, Aut Helmont, aut Aſinus. *And thus I leave him till he gives the next occaſion to be flaſht, and reſt,*

Nov. 7. 1664.

Your Friend, G. S.

To the ingenious and industrious Gent. *Lionel Lockier*, Physician,

An *Encomium* upon his Universal Pill.

Sir, when I view you in your panick Pill,
And see the throngs which unto you repair,
Some for their cure, others with thanks; your skill
And blest successes, whatsoever are
The sentiments of others, will subdue
Unbias's'd minds to give respect to you.

Should I design to celebrate the fame
Of your admired Med'cine, 'twere in vain
T' attempt that work in English, sith your Name
Hath overspread our Land, and cross'd the Main:
And (maugre *all detraction*) *will shine forth*
With the bright rays of its inherent worth.

What was't acquir'd the Epithete of Wise
To Socrates, *but that he did reduce*
To practice all the Sophies Theories,
And make their Speculations fit for use?
This Adjunct is your due, who have the Art
Spagyrick made good in the practick part.

B. M.

To Mr. George St. concerning his Smart Scourge.

HOw, turn'd a Beadle? hold a blow ſweet George,
A Sword and Lance becomes thee, not a Scourge.
'ar'ſt thou not look thy foe i'th' face, but come
'ſt like a Cur to ſnap him by the bum?
d rather have thee let Erratas paſs
'npuniſhed, than ſhew thy ſelf an Aſs.
f any fault in others works appears,
'is very fit that you pull in your ears.
'hat fury thus tranſports thee? will't avail
'o bring a Birch to whip the Dragons tail?
'as this th' account on which you did decry
'arification and Phlebotomy?
Subolet Medico) that like a Leech
'ou'd fetch the skin off, and draw blood from's breech.

L. T.

St.

St. GEORGE UNTRUST.

PAssing the ſtreet in a melancholy muſe, my thoughts were ſuddenly diſturbed with the obſtreperous clamours of a poor Ballad-ſinger, who went ſqueeking along before me, *Will you buy a ſmart ſcourge for a ſilly fancy fool, come four a peny, four a peny, will you buy any ſmart ſcourges?* being a little curious to know what the import of this ſtrange title was, concluding the Author of it to be ſome Sexſtone or City Dog-whipper, I called after the poor Itinerant bookſeller, who very joyfully came, but yet very ſadly complaining that ſhe had ſold never a book that day; I partly out of charity to the poor book Pedler, partly to ſatisfie my own curioſity, gave her four farthings for her four ſmart ſcourges, concluding, that though they were good for little elſe, yet they might ſerve for tail-timber; conſidering the Frontiſpiece a little better, I found indeed that I had wronged the Author in imagining him to be a Dog-whiper, whoſe rods I perceived were only ntended for the backs of Fools; but

ut when I had a little conſidered his Pamphlet, I ould not chuſe but pitty the poor mans back and houlders, concluding that if he were an Impartial Beadle, ſure his own poor hide muſt needs be miſe-ably tanned and tawed; but my pity extending ot only to the Beadle himſelf, but likewiſe to the guilty delinquent whom he doth ſo unmercifully rib-roaſt, I would needs know his name and his crime, and his condition, his name I find *G. S.* his condition a perſon of quality, and his crime writing a Letter to the ingenious Gentleman Dr. *Lockier*, in vindicating him from the calumnies of a cankered Momus. But all this is not enough, I muſt needs be acquainted with the ſmart ſcourger himſelf to, who ſubſcribeth himſelf *G. S.* the ſame with his Antagoniſt; which at firſt glance made me imagine him ſome furious *Don Quixot* marching out with indignation to fight with his own ſhadow; but I was ſoon undeceived, when I ſaw the Philoſopher by the fire ſide, come ſneaki g out of the chimney corner, where he had been warming his benummed fingers, till he had extinguiſhed the coals with the droppings of his noſe; but when I heard him muttering out his *tandem aliquando nuper quidem*, I miſtook him again for an old witch with a beard that was mumbling over ſome Orizon to Belzebub; beſeeching him to catch the Dr. dead or alive and poſt haſte away with him a pick pack to hell; but he perceiving my miſtake, preſently ſtroaked up his whiskers, ſtruck fire in his tinderbox, aud ſhewed me his Pipkins, he was wont to ſtew Pruins in, which in ſpight of my

reaſon

reason made me to acknowledge him the profound Chymist or Philosopher by fire. And now Sir, since by your frontispiece I am a little acquainted with you, I make bold to confer notes with you in your Pamphlet. And first I cannot but observe your envy at the Dr. being new vamped with a Coat of Arms, to wit, the three Boars heads: well Goodman Cobler, since you have such good skill in vamping, by my consent we will have you vamped, or at least under lined with a Coat of Arms too, and if you will be advised by me, instead of the three Bores-heads take the three Asses-heads, for upon my Soul they will be pretty Hieroglyphicks of that blessed noddle of yours; but it concerneth not you, you confess, whether they were bought, begged, or stolen; well Gaffer Scourger, hadst thou been as little concerned in the Skinners 975 *l.* the man perhaps had never dyed of a cheat, but of that —— In the beginning of your Epistolary Discourse, you accuse the Dr. of being a Tailer, and of stitching up of many Diseases all curable by his trifle; if this had been true, I have heard of greater Metamorphoses than this; did you never hear of a man that dedicated a book to *Tuchburn*, and afterwards because he called him Fool for his pains, or perhaps would not give him a crown for his dedication, became an earnest suter to the two Royal Dukes, beseeching them to hang him out of the way with the rest of his fellow Regicides, shewing himself a knave on the one hand in honouring a Traitor, and a fool on the other hand in counselling Princes; but now

think of it tis a thousand pitties thou wert a Privy Counsellor, that sweet pate of thine is so full of gin-cracks, by thy profound skill in Chymistry, thou wouldst have found out some new way to make Plum-pottage against Christmas, made a new Chymical Oven to bake Cheese-cakes and Gingerbread in, or have shewed by the help of the Philosophers stone, how batter on Shrovetuesday may be turned into Pancakes; however I do not much question thy comming to preferment, especially if the hangman stands thy friend and helps thee at a dead lift, as who knows but he may; as for stitching up Diseases, methinks the word is somewhat far fetched, and argues thee better skilled a great deal in the patches of the beggars coat thou talkest on, than in those Diseases, which the honoured Dr. enumerateth; you find a Letter you say, concluding that tractate like the close of Syrup after a fart; Fo! methinks your lines scent as if your Ink were made of the Syrup you talk; for shame *George* pull out the tail of thy shirt and wipe thy mouth, doth it become a Chymist to cack upwards, and squirt at the wrong end? you seem to question the quality of the Author of this letter, why, I hope you are no Knight errant, Sir, that you will fight with none but such as are dubbed? but however you do well to think so honourably of the common hangman, who perhaps may have a courtesie in store for you, for one good turn you know deserves another; but Sir you do ill methinks to accuse others as cheats, when you must needs know how much Bird-lime

hath

hath sticked upon your own fingers. As for th brats you talk of, if the Doctor hath Fathered an of yours, methinks you do but ill requite the nurse and if he hath Fathered any of his on others, I an confident they are such well-favoured ones, tha you your self would be very glad to own them but at the last after much thrust and shuffling yo are pleased to admit the Author in the Predicamen of quality; in my opinion he is too blame if he do not spit in thy mouth, and say, God a mercy *George*; but in spite of the Muses you will profess your sel a Scholar; in good faith Sir I think your profes-sion is Heterodox, and that your enemies are so fa from giving you that honour, that the best o your friends cannot but pity your ignorance; as for the false Latin you reproach the Author withall, some concluding your self to be the corrector of the Press, have shrewdly suspected it to be a slip of your own pen, and that so like an Ape view-ing your self in this Looking-glass, they think you sat moping and making mouths at your self; but in charity I must make the fairest construction of it, perhaps you only played at blind-mans-buff in the dark, sirking the Author instead of the Printer, who as the corrected copy will inform you, was the sole cause of all those Errata's, and yet the poor Author is ready to be untrussed for it, and to have his Toby let blood by an unmerciful Peda-gogue. Well *George* on Horse-back thou mayst sit holding up thy Sword, but if thou strikest the Dragon he will gripe thee in his claws. In your next Paragraph you grow angry at the Authors

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autology, his torturing the word *adage* setteth your gizard a grumbling; good heart what an easie thing it is to espy other mens faults? I will warrant you never took notice how often you your self doe wrack and torter the dissylable Botcher, whereon you lay such an Emphasis. Could you find no synonimon nor Paraphrasis for botcher that you are fain to botch it in to your Epistle so frequently? once more let me put thee in mind of an *adage, turpe est Doctori*, and take this counsel of a friend, if thou hast ever a *silva synonimorum*, and make much of it, and Christen thy own Child first; but what you mean by re-seething of Coleworts in an Epistle, I confess I know not, unless all things you meet withall by your hungry stomack be mistaken for a Pottage-pot, and if so, I marvail why you are so angry with our Author for seething Coleworts in his Epistle, alas good man he doth it out of charity to save you the charges of buying Butter and Cheese; but you quarrel at him Sir for the shortness of his Epistle; and think he would have made a longer prayer if he had been upon the Gallows; it may be so, and yet I can assure you he is no Pharesee, that under pretence of making long prayers, can devour 975 *l.* at a morsel; but here is the plague of it, after all this beating of the bush you are not able to spring the Woodcock. I have heard Sir that those who would come at a Woodcock must reel to and fro from one side to tother, as if like Nown Adjectives they could not stand by themselves, at which exercise I am told Sir you are very expert, there seldome being a day but you

are

are practiſing your skill (as I am credibly infor
med) at it from morning to night; and that yo
with all your ſtaggering ſhould not ſtumble on th
Woodcock, I confeſs it is ſtrange. In the begin
ning of your next Paragraph you run grinning lik
a mad dog, ſcarſe reſolved within your ſelf whethe
to bark or bite; your ſcolding Epithites doe ſ
croud and thruſt, contending for priority whic
ſhould go firſt through the portal of your mouth
that I thought they would have wedged on
another ſo faſt in the door, that you would
have been forced to ſalute your Antagoniſt witl
an open mouth and drivelling ſilence; but O
Heavenly wide mouth, no ſooner did it gap
but I ſaw them marching out three of a breaſt, pit
tiful, creeping, dirty, and all to encounter you
ſplinter boned adverſary; but fair and ſoft Sir, me
thinks three to one is ods at foot-ball; but now
think of it he is ſerved well enough, teach him to
give the Dr. the Epitheton of honourable, is thi
the crime indeed? Fie *George*, why ſhould you be
ſo angry? had he given ſtoln goods to his friends
and ſtole it from you, had he ſnatched the Fea
ther out of your Cap, and ſet it in the Doctors, I
ſhould not have blamed you, but when tis wel
known it hath none of your ear-mark, and never
was given you by any but ſuch as jear you or
flatter you, I confeſs I wonder you ſhould take it
in ſuch induggion, unleſs your envious ſoul
conceives all addition to others to be ſubſtraction
from your ſelf.

As for your ſuſpicion of the Authors having the

Pox

Pox, I perceive you ſtill believe him a Man of Quality; and ſome have had ſuſpicions of your ſelf, as one that was in earneſt acquainted with. One of your Wives told me, I might better have ſimiliz'd you to an Ape than an Aſs, he being certainly informed you are defective in the tail-piece, but a profound Chymiſt ſtood up both for you and me, and told us that he could prove by Chymiſtry the Analogy good for all that, ſaying, a Venereal fire being kindled, though it fixt his Teſticles, yet it volatized the ſinuous parts, and then by Sublimation carried them to his Head, from whence ſprung his Ears, which have ſerved this learned Aſs as Feſcues for his Horn-book ever ſince. Yet for my part, for all this I dare abſolve and acquit you from the leaſt ſpice of a Gentlemans diſeaſe: but when the Doctor ſelleth his Pills at half price, perhaps I my ſelf (Sir) may give you a box of them to cure your ſwimming Noddle of the Megrums.

Of French faggots.

And now you have followed our Author as far as the Oyſter-wenches (or rather like an Oyſter-wench) of *Billings-gate*: For in truth, *George*, thy ſcolding skill argueth thee no Freſh-man in that Univerſity: but though he be an uncivil, lying, railing Fellow, yet forſooth he ſhall be accounted none of your Fellow. Stand off Gentlemen, who cometh here? Surely 'tis ſome Roſicruſian Mouſtrap-maker, or chymical Sub-groom of Queen Nature's cloſe-ſtool: and ſince 'tis your own worſhipful ſelf, Sir, I am glad you have publickly diſcarded this uncivil, lying, railing Fellow, for verily

rily the world would have thought him one
your Disciples else, and arch Wags you kn
would have been apt to say, *Like master, like man*.
Next, Sir, I observe with what authority y
sub-pœna in the poor *aliquid tale* to answer and ec
to the *prædicament* of *quale*, and how like some J
stices of the peace you reconcile in sound those th
are onely at variance in sense; but 'twas well for
seen; had it not been for *tale* and *quale* your pam
phlet would have had neither reason nor rime in'
You think our Author (you say) may serve t
make an Epilogue to the Doctors act, an
in truth Sir, if there be ever a *Sir John Lack-w*
in the Play, I should judge you a very fit person t
act him, but that I doubt you are too clownishly
simple to act a Gentleman-fool. Next cometh a
vote of non-addresses; our Author must observe
his distance, come cap in hand, and have a care
how he addresseth himself in jest to your most reve-
rend and worshipful beard: Good heart, how sim-
ply pride becomes a fool! Pray what are you that
a man must not speak to you till he hath set his
mouth in the Looking-glass? I have known some
of your fellow-prisoners at *Newgate*, that for a
single Two-pence would have quietly taken a do-
zen kicks in the breech; and, I believe, when you
hung out your white bag at the grates, you would
have been thankful for a single Peny, though some
unhappy Wag should have given it you in jest:
and now forsooth you are so skittish and tender,
that if a man crack a Lent upon you, you are pre-
sently wincing.

In your fury you challenge our Author to di-
lge his name, but he will not sure unless he be
ad; so you may serve him as you did your old
end *Tichborn*, petition to have him hanged out
the way for proclaming you at once both a
nave and a Fool. But, Sir, 'tis a common custom
ou know with the *flagellifer* to put on a vizard
hen he is to chastise an insolent Villain: but oh
e Fates! my *bonus genius* now forewarns me of
e calamity of these papers when once they pre-
me to kiss your hand; it telleth me that the sight
f them will produce such a fear throughout your
hole *corpusculum*, insomuch that losing your re-
entive faculties, your Excrements will instantly
escend into your Breeches, and then O wretched I
n these papers must be miserably torn to cleanse
e orifice of your drivelling Rump, and spent in
indling fumes to recover your senses.

Next you tell the Author of Demonstrations,
which you say is an accusation which you would
ave answered. Alas! hadst thou as much wit as
Goose, thou mightst have found sufficient satis-
action; but I perceive somebody a little wiser
han thy self, has hammered this into thy Noddle.
Well *George*, I have discovered the plot: this fa-
mous Universal Pill having gotten such wonderful
redit by its conquest over the maladies of thou-
ands of persons, insomuch that for its worth it is
econd to none, but rather, like *Alexander*, it want-
eth diseases to conquer, than virtue to overcome;
Now hunger and want having sharpened the wits
of thy Associates, they advised thee to encounter

the

the Doctor, that if it were possible by affirming falshood they might know the truth, and not b forced for the gaining of their bread to counterfe his Pills; thou perceiving that the Rosie brother hood by force were like to keep Lent befor Christmas, and finding thy self involved in thei fate, chusest rather to die by the Doctors nobl hand, than like a Lubber-lander to perish for wan of belly-timber. But, alas thou pitiful Worm he onely steps over thee, scorning to tread o thee, lest he should foul his shooes in a quagmire Yet I care not if for their sakes, because I have some acquaintance with them, if I discover to you what a learned Chemist imagined concerning the Pills; not that I conceive it will enter your *pericranium*, but for the sake of those that are a little wiser than thy self, which is this, ℞ *dra.* ℔ 1. *sang. mundi* ℔ 1. ʒ 1. *Brochi.* ʒ 4. *afreca* ʒ 2. *mi. fiat S. A.* which when I said it would not penetrate my brains, and desired him to be plainer, he told me he should use no other words but what *Helmont* used after he had spoke in the commendations of the Medicine of *Aroph*, described by *Paracelsus* pag. 704. *Susurrantes hic audio, qui non nisi pramasticata deglutire solent, inauspicatam verborum tenebritatem incusantes, Carbonarii isti, aiunt, sua nobis pharmaca exponant cominus, & demonstrationes nobis prabeant oculares. Verùm ista addiscenda Pythagorica philosophia nova norma est. Carbones emant, & vitra, discántque prius quæ nobis dedere, vigilata ex ordine noctes atque nummorum dispendia. Dii vendunt sudoribus, non lectionibus solis, artes. Idcirco nec ausum quidem, Dianæ*

veste spoliatam propalare, exemplum Acteonis absterret. Qui potest capere capiat.

Next, as to the slanders you talk of, I need not tell the world they are in matters of truth, the Skinners emptied bags, Sir, have mouths wide enough to proclame your frauds without the aid of any Stygian Curs; and though you are so confident of the good opinion of your Neighbours, take my counsel, and do not let them know you, for upon my word if they should, you would find more mouths than ever *Cerberus* had, barking at (and it may be biting) you too. How a man should have been in danger of hanging for being the Doctors Voucher to sell a horse, I know not; but these hard words, Sir, are a Juglers dialect; perhaps you are afraid to explain your self, lest you should be made to sing another *palinodium* in *Newgate*; yet I have heard it is fatal to be some mens Vouchers, witness your Surety who was hanged for a Coiner, or rather your Disciple it may be, to whom you had taught the use of the new-fashioned Philosophers stone. But oh the plague of an empty belly! how you sit jouring and grumbling at the Doctors good victuals, and cursing at the Crowns that have blessed his purse, and so exactly imitating the hungry dog, that while his master is at dinner, sitteth barking and snarling underneath the table. As for the Hangers-on which you say the Doctor hath shaken off since he changed his Linen, you know Sir, they have been always retainers to the * Rosicrusian family, and it was not long

* *We mind Impostors onely that assume that name.*

since

since you were so stocked with them at *Newgat* that you might have got more monie by curin the Yellow Jaundise with them, than ever you di by your Stills and Pipkins, till necessitie force you to pawn your Shirt, and so mortgage the fiel and the flock together.

Next you seem angrie at the Doctors refusal t answer all Letters: Fie! *George*, do not wrin your brows so; you put your self to the hazard o disblocking your Perriwig: what though a ma hath not a scribling vein like you, must he be pre sently buffeted for it? would you have him writ against the College of Physicians? shoot paper bullets as you do at all that are your Superiours In truth Sir, I am put in mind of you as often as I see an Ape sit mumping on a Stall, and making ill-favoured mouths at the passengers, he doth so prettily resemble you, that I cannot chuse but think on your sweet Physiognomie. But I know your policie; you would be wounding others with the blow of Detraction, that you may from the bleeding veins of their Reputation, suck bloud to put colour into the pale cheeks of your own. But though you would needs be playing the *Achitophel*, I dare say there needeth neither praier nor miracle to turn your wisdom into follie.

In your next lines I find a good straine of nonsense; you wonder a Dog should not be able to cast up a Botchers bill: I believe you might find as bad Arithmeticians among your own long-ear'd brethren. 'Tis a sad world indeed that Dogs cannot cast account; but I will let it pass, it is onely a re-

ſcething of old Coleworts in an Epiſtle. Next to his followeth a good intervall of wit, yet claſped in like a *Parentheſis* with nonſenſe and impertinence: You come marching out like *Orlando Furioſo* in the head of a whole armie of Maladies to encounter the Doctors invincible Pill, and now have amongſt you blind Harpers, ſtand off at your peril, the bum-cannon is charging, he is giving fire to the touch-hole, hab-nab here is among you a whole Ferkin of foul ſtuff, here is Deaths Muſter-maſter general, let us make proclamation; *OYes: If there be any man or woman that have a mind to hang themſelves, let them repair to* George St. *in Bartholomew-lane, and they ſhall have a Pill will poiſon them under the price of a Halfe: make haſte away therefore all ye that are weary of your lives.* Give this *Charon* but a Groat, and with one dram of his Powder he will waft you over *Styx*. If there be any great heir would be rid of his aged Sire, bring him hither to *George*, and he will quickly give him a Paſport to Heaven. If any man be troubled with a ſcolding wife, bring her to *Bartholomew-lane*, he will ſoon make her as dumb as a dore-nail. And which is more than all this, if there be any Skinner in *Walbrook*, that hath gotten a ſurfeit in his purſe, here they may have a purge will give 975 ſtools at a bout.

Next for the whet-ſtone you praiſe the Doctor, I believe you may be as likely to help him to it as another: but as for the golden handle and chain, Sir, I doubt he muſt be fain to inquire at another ſhop. And now you have conquered the Giant, and broke his ſword over his head. Before you can

make

make the world believe thee a discoverer of che
you must off with thy Doublet, Breeches and Sh
(if thou hast any) and stand three days togethe
the Pillorie in *Cornhill*, with this Motto writte
Text letters on thy breast, *DUM ALIOS A*
CUSO, IPSE REUS: and then thou mayest t
leave to subscribe thy self, *Tom Thum in the chimney-corner, in spight of the black puddings or Tinkers budget.*

Alluding this Phi pher by fi

And now to fill up the sheet, followeth a supp
mental Corollary as you are pleased to call it;
sum teneatis amici? did you ever see such a ho
podg of ridiculous stuff blanched with the title
a Corrolary before? have a care *George*, you kn
who was hangd lately for stamping the Kings
press upon leaden six pences. Thus you be
Courteous Reader, thou maiest wonder; stay,
here is some Puppit-play to be seen, or Dancing
the Ropes, and now Orator *George* is abou
make some speech to the Spectators, what is *Ju*
going to cut off *Oloferners* his Head, or *Hero*
bringing in *John Baptist*'s in a Platter? no c
teous Spectators tis little *Jack Horner* in the chimney corner, fighting with the Dr. at long Sword and Custard; next the Monomachy maketh me blush; Sir I h
heard that the Vermillion of a blush seldome
peareth but on your parboyl'd Nose; yet pr
modesty, you need not be ashamed if the Do
were such an Illiterate as you represent him; I
to Fool would be no ods at foot-ball; but

Philo by Fir

ich kindles your indignation and fury, is his ob-
ding upon the world, a letter under the name
a perſon of quality. Good heart how this
ſon of quality ſticketh in your ſtomack,
t you are reſolved to be eaven with him in falſe
tin or Barbariſm at leaſt, witneſs your *vox eſt,*
terea nihill, nihil dixi? Imo calumniæ effrontes, &c.
The Engliſh whereof in ſhort is this, He is a
yce and nothing elſe, did I ſay nothing? yea he
mpudent and moſt bold calumnies and great
s; for he that readeth your foregoing words
barketh ſecurely becauſe inviſibly) will find
make *(eſt)* a Verb Perſonal, and ſo muſt be
ſtrued as aforeſaid; and now *George* by your
ne rule you are bound in conſcience to untruſs,
levate your Toby and take it patiently; but
y, will you never do ſo no more? ha? ſpeak;
l becauſe tis the firſt time, and I ſee you begin
make a pityful lenton face upon it, good boy,
I will forgive thee this once. Your next is but
petition of your former folly, only you threat-
he poor Author to bring him to a recantation,
before that be effected, I doubt you your ſelf
be forced to doe penance in th s white ſheet.
Dr. you confeſs is gotten into the acquaintance
erſons of real honor and worth, but yet deſer-
ly fallen (tis not the firſt lye thou haſt told)
the juſt contempt of many of them (or at leaſt
wouldſt have it ſo) alas good man how thou
ſt grumbling and mumbling to ſee him ſhine
Orb ſo far above thy reach, whilſt thou ſitteſt
w (as the Author told thee) like a dog upon
ail, barking at the Moon? and now having
wiped

wiped off the dirt from your perſon, you refer us to your book of Examinations; why doſt thou think there is any will be ſo ſimple as to read it, unleſs it be (as he did his Granmar) ſitting on a cloſe-ſtool, ſtill tearing out the leaves as they read them to make Napkins for their bums? no *George*, not all thoſe demonſtrations thou promiſeſt the world will make your book ſalable at two pence a volume, ſo long as men can buy at a cheaper rate the tale of *Tom Thumb*, or *Robin Hood* and little *John*, for there was never man that did read any thing of thy writing (if he was any thing read) but could perceive all thou didſt beſides lying and raylingwas either beg'd, borrowed, or ſtoln; you talk of being alarmed with an anſwer of ten ſheets of paper, in truth I beleive it was in your dream then; what need a man take ſuch a large ſcope to confute thee, when the whole ſubſtance of thy wit may be truſſed up in a nut-ſhell, and the only naming thy arguments would be ſufficient to confute them; and yet ſo confident thou art on the ſtrength of thy demonſtrations that thou darſt take up the Doctor upon it from 5*s.* to 500 *l.* Well, you that are his Creditors pray hard he may not be loſer, leſt he ſhould be forced to compound with you for three farthings in the pound. But ſuppoſe the Reduction were as thou ſayeſt (which thing I need not grant) it doth in no way weaken its energy. Didſt never read in *Helmont*, *p.* 117. *Corpora cuncta primitivè atque materialiter ex aqua ſola fiant, acquiſito per fermentum ſemine quodque exantlatis ſeminibus corpora tandem in priſtinum aquæ hoſpitium retrocedant.*

dare. And thus you see by the Author you pretend to all bodies are reducible into one and the same matter, and I know many hundred of Medicines may be made of *stibium* by the hand of an ingenious artist, and afterwards a *regulus* may be produc'd; yet no man can be so simple as to think by pyrotechny and a ferment there should be no difference in their dotal qualities; as for that you say concerning the distemper of the Mother, I had a letter that came from a reverend and learned Divine, who after the enumerating of many Cures he had performed by Dr. *Lockiers* Pill, he declared in particular the admirable effects of that Pill as to that distemper, which if I could have had leave from the Dr. I would have publisht it, but he sayd he would reserve it to be published in his book of experimental cures, which book will silence malice it self.

But I repute it (say you) beneath me to inlarge upon Exc. Now here sitteth purring Puss in her Majesty, disdaining to look down on this silly Pill, whose bones he hath all this while been a picking: alas he had quite forgot he was an Eagle, and this made him Oul-like to quarry upon a Mouse, but now he remembreth he was generously born, he resolveth he will not take it as he hath done; good people you must know he was born a great way off, some do conceive him Heir apparent to reverend *John Cobler*, a splay-mouth holder forth in *New-England*; as for his education, if you will be so simple as to believe him, he was baptized in the Font of the Muses, which *Phainomenon* is only solvable by

the

the Proverb, *ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius*; but as for his Chymical studies he is the non-such of the age; after one and twenty years pains and industry he hath found out the mystery of stilling Poppy and Rose-water, nay some say a new way too, to melt Butter by the Sun-beams, nay some say more, a new engine too to toast Cheese and Black-puddings, with many other rare Inventions that lye within the circumference of his teeming *Pericranium*; for his great incouragement he hath taken his degrees too in the University of *Utopia*, where *Nicholas Nemo* in a full convocation dubbed M. D. (*i. e.*) *Medicinæ Doctor*. But Courteous Reader do not think he writeth this with any delight to hear or relate it; no, as God is his Judg he is a pretty modest elf, do not ye see how he blushes, as if he had changed faces with Frier *Bacons* Brazen-head? Next you grumble at the Doctors Picture, if thou wilt be advised by me, set thine in the Front of thy Examinations and Censures, twill be sure a pretty resemblance of the *Tartarian* Monster (only his is an Horses, thine an Asses head) that perhaps may inhaunce the price of thy Pamphlets two pence a piece more than ever they were yet sold for; as for the new Medicine you say the Doctor is preparing, it maketh me think you talk in your sleep, you tell storys of answers in ten sheets of paper, of new Medicins, that will out-cure the old, two bars length and a half, which I dare say are the meer Chymeraes of your own brain, and thus like the Cuckow you lay Eggs of your own, and bring them to be hatched in other Birds nests; and now thou talkest

talkeſt of Heads, and ſayeſt thou couldſt make thy Reader merry; alas thou haſt ſo much of the Fools head, that when thou ſporteſt thou playeſt the fool in earneſt, and ſo deſerveſt pity, rather than laughter; at laſt you are confident of vexing the Drs. patience, tis very pretty, (I ſee a Fools bolt is ſoon ſhot) I never ſaw yet a wiſe man impatient at the braying of an Aſs, and now Sir having laſhed a Fool upon your worſhips back, I take my leave of you for the preſent, till you ſpew out ſome new Pamphlet.

Philo-Chemicus.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

SInce the writing of this discourse, I met with an antient acquaintance of the Doctors, and now his very near neighbour, of whom I desired an impartial account of the Doctors life, past, and present; who answered, that his acquaintance with him, had not been above 28. or 29. years, and that then he was a Merchant in Hose, and other commodities, maintaining the best part of a 1000. people in imployment, and beyond Sea four Factors, and that he married the widow of Mr. Springal, *by whom he had the best part of two thousand pound. I then inquired whether he was taught Chemistry by* Moulton *in* Hog-lane, *he said no, but the Dr. was acquainted with him in Germany, and gave him three Secrets for the receipt of one; for the Dr. had spent in Chemistry many pounds before he was acquainted with him; yet the Dr. he sayd had taught some of the greatest persons in the world both for Nobilite and Learning, who counted it no dishonour to learn of so Industrious and Ingenious a Spagyrick. I then inquired whether he had not lately been reduc'd to poverty, he said no, for he had lived in that Parish the best part of twenty years, and that ever since he had given thirty two shillings a moneth where he saw need; having within this three or four years sold thirty pounds a year, not regarding worldly treasure; but the more he hath slighted it, the more God hath blest him, and given him a sufficiency to purchase an earthly inheritance, but he said he was strangely opposite to all earthly purchases, minding much more to do the errant for which he was sent, having an eye at the recompence of reward, which is to have a dwelling in that City whose builder and maker is God. The reason of this discourse being added here, is to let the world know that* George *is not only given over to believe lyes, but also to write them.*

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM